

The Compleat Swearing Master:

A Rare New Salamanca BALLAD.

151

To the Tune of, Now now the Fight's done.

16 July. 1682. A libell ag^t Dr Oatley.

[1]
Once on a time, the Dr. did Swear, (Air,
By the help of his Friend the Prince of the
He was busie in Consult, one day in Spain,
And on the same day in England again,
And the Dr. did Swear, that Noble Don John,
Though little and Black, was a tall Fair Man.

[2]
The Dr. swore he brought Commissions to
From Father Oliva, to men of Renown: (Town,
To raise mighty Force, the King to destroy,
For which many Russians the Pope did employ;
And the Dr. did Swear that little Don John,
Was Fair and also a very tall Man.

[3]
That forty thousand Pilgrims there were,
Arm'd with Black Bills, that march'd in the Air,
And ready to strike, when Pope should com-
And carry to Rome poor little England. (mand,
And the Dr. did Swear, as few others can,
That little Don John is a tall Fair Man.

[4]
And the Dr. did Swear he had Letters full many,
But for all he Swore, he ne'r produc'd any,
It's much he kept none to make out the matter,
But it may be he lost them, in crossing the water;
But that's all one, the Dr. Swore on,
That little Don John was a tall Fair Man.

[5]
He swore two hundred thousand pounds sent,
To Ireland, which was all to be spent,
In Squibs to burn houses, Ammunition and Bills,
And pay Popish Doctors for King-killing Pills:
Which he swore had been done if the Plot had gon on,
And then Swore Don John a very Fair Man.

[6]
And the Dr. did swear he knew not some men,
Yet afterwards Swore, he knew them again;
And the Dr. did Swear by fair candle-light,
He could not discern a Man from a Mite:
But believe him who will, for I hardly can,
That little Don John is a tall Fair Man.

[7]
And he swore he always a Protestant was,
And ne'r car'd a Farth for Pope or for Mass,
And he swore he went to St. Omers to find
What the Jesuits had against England design'd.
And the Dr. did swear, deny it who can,
That little Don John is a tall Fair Man.

[8]
And the Dr. did swear a thousand things more,
That discovering the plot had made him so poor,
And he swore himself 700 pounds worse,
But a pox of all lies, take that with a curse:
But I le not believ't, although others can,
That little Don John is a tall Fair Man.

[9]
Now if it should please the Dr. to swear
To keep his hand in, a Man is a Bear;
Or the Dr. will swear his Soul to the Devil,
He shall do it for me, I love to be Civil;
Every man in his way, let the Dr. swear on,
But I beg his excuse in the size of Don John.

[10]
The Dr. may swear the Crow to be white,
Or a Pigmy to be of Gygantick height,
Or double his numbers of Pilgrims and Bills,
And swear them drawn up in Lincolns-Inn-fields.
I hear't and believ't as much as I can,
That little Don John is a tall Fair Man.

[11]
There's no stopping the tide, let the Dr. swear on,
The black is the fair, or the fair the black Man,
Or swear what he will I care not a Turd
I'de as soon as his, take another mans word:
So Dr. be dam'd and swear all you can,
Don John is not tall, nor yet a Fair Man.

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